THE POWER EXCHANGE

A Newsleather for Women on the Sexual Fringe

Vol. 1, No. 4, February, 1988

Gay Women

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THE FINE PRINT

THE POWER EXCHANGE is a Newsleather for Women on the Sexual Fringe, published by Lace Publications. It is a hostage to the Whim of its Editrix, Pat Califia. To receive 4 issues, send a check for $15 made out to The Power Exchange, P. O. Box 10037, Denver, CO 80210-0037. Include a signed "over 21" statement. A sample issue is $3.50. Foreign subscriptions are $20, payable in U.S. funds. Well-behaved men may subscribe, but are not to place or answer classified ads. The Editrix reserves the right to refuse a subscription or do just about anything with this Rag that she dam' well pleases.

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This publication is on file at the Alternative Gallery (Athens); the Dokumentatiecentrum Homostudies (Amsterdam); the International archief voor de vrouen beweging (Amsterdam); the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction; the Labadie Collection of the University of Michigan library; the Lesbian Herstory Archive (New York); the Lesbisch Archief Leeuwarden (Holland); Naiad Press; and the West Coast Lesbian Collections (Oakland).

Editrixorial

It's been a long time since an issue of TPE saw the light of day. It is entirely due to the kindness of Artemis OakGrove that this magazine has arrived in your hopefully hot little hands. Yes, Lace Publications has taken over the function of publishing and distributing TPE, while yours truly remains The Editrix. This means that TPE has a new mailing address. All personal ads, classified ads, stories, poems, news items, subscriptions, etc. should be sent to The Power Exchange, P. O. Box 10037, Denver, CO 80210-0037. Checks should no longer be made out to me, but to "The Power Exchange."

I want to thank all of you for being so patient. When I began this Newsleather, I had no experience, just a firm belief that S/M women across the country, many of whom are isolated, needed a publication that would bring them information about the leather community and a spark of entertaining eroticism. When it became clear that this was too large a job for one person, I tried very hard to organize a group to publish TPE and hold benefits. But this is a major time commitment, and everyone who had potential interest was already busy doing volunteer work for local S/M organizations. TPE floundered.

This was so discouraging that I was ready to abandon the newsleather, send out letters of apology and make whatever refunds were possible, when it occurred to me to approach Lace. You don't know how relieved and happy I was when Artemis found it an exciting idea.

Some other changes have also been necessary. The original subscription price ($15 for 6 issues) does not cover printing, postage, and other costs. We've had to raise the price to $15 for four quarterly issues. Subscriptions at the old rate will be honored, but if you find that TPE's new publisher deserves support, perhaps you could consider an early renewal or a gift for a friend. Show your copy of TPE to local women's bookstores and leather shops, and encourage them to carry us. They can write for bulk rates. And encourage businesses you patronize to write for our extremely reasonable advertising rates.

We are planning to make a comprehensive S/M Resource List available, and keep it updated. Back issues of TPE #1 and #2 are unavailable. Copies of No. 3 are still $3.50. Lesbian hanky color codes are 5 for $1. Make checks out to "The Power Exchange" and mail to the address above.

I hope you enjoy this foray into the complicated but delightful arena of gender and S/M. My only objection to '50s-style lesbian bar-culture butch/femme is that it seems to make use of only one possible erotic power combination--masculine, dominant women doing feminine female bottoms.

In this issue we have femme tops, girls who will be boys, lesbian transsexuals, dyke faggots, and yes, even butch tops and femme bottoms.

So here's to all you Tough Girls in Torn Lace and Bad Girls in Torn 501s. Go get what you want, ladies, even if it means being less of a lady (or more). 'Cause nobody cares if you don't get what you want (except for your Editrix, and I can't be everywhere at once).

Now I'm going to put down this goddamn non-repro blue pen and see if I can remember which end of a cane to pick up! -- Pat Califia

International Ms. Leather Contest

On March 26, 1988 the International Ms. Leather Contest will be held in San Francisco as a benefit for local AIDS organizations. Your Editrix will be one of the judges. For more information, write International Ms. Leather, POB 146504, San Francisco CA 94114.

Contents of THE POWER EXCHANGE
Vol. 1, No. 4, February 1988

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Throat Busters

by Hilary Barnes

Scene on the screen: Two fags, one better looking than the other who is, in turn, better built. Each in a state of high excitement, distanced and hard. At home, in bed, we close our eyes and pretend to be men--here our eyes are open and the message beams through us like the sun, and we feel it. The connection is complete, it is we on the screen, and our cunts feel different inside. There is a different process at work. That is, after all, why we've come.

The woman beside me is in the early stages of detachment, but they will not last long. She is slouched in her chair, her eyes half-shut, her mouth slightly open. Her right hand is in her lap, her left arm around my shoulders. She tries to look bored but she is stirred, I can feel it. I look at her and laugh; silently, without turning, she covers my mouth with her hand and closes her fingers around my nipple, biting down with a ferocity that makes me arch my back and scream against her palm. Her grip loosens only when I stop squirming and relax, trembling, my hands by my side.

Her mouth is pressed against my ear. "Cool it" she says. She does not care who hears us--there are only four or five other perverts in the house. "Or I swear before God I will give you more than you ever bargained for."

I am still shaken, angry, but I shrug and wipe my eyes.

Scene on the screen: Two men are raping another. The victim is handcuffed to a pole, one man before him and one behind, pumping. His thrusts are hard and without love, but full of grace and maddening precision: there is no relent, no break in the pattern. I can feel my woman stiffen in her seat, her legs tensing, her feet shifting on the floor. She leans toward me, her left arm pulling my shoulders to the seat, her right hand inching toward my mouth.

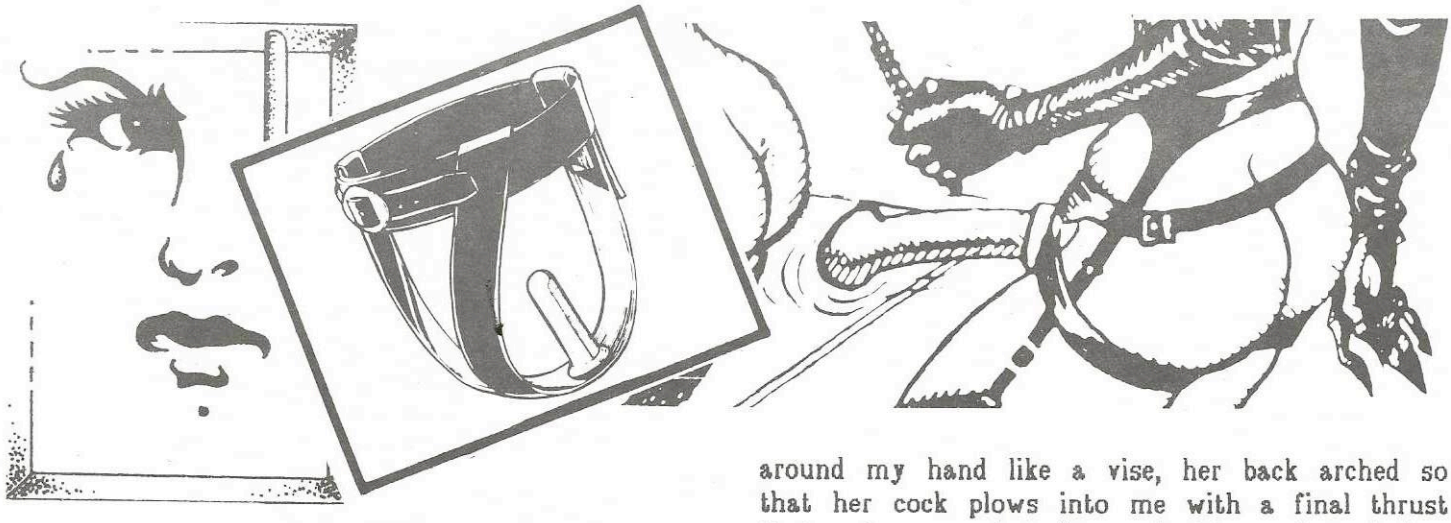
"Touch me" she says.

I slide my fingers across her leg and feel the leather straps that run across her thighs and behind her ass, binding her secret in. My fingers close around it--did I feel it throb? No, just her pumping, slowly. She is now the man on screen, watching himself.

She moans and presses into me. My mouth opens and she slides her hand in, fingertips first, then the hand itself, my lips rolling over her knuckles. I can feel myself opening up; my face relaxes as I move my mouth along her hand, taking her.

And the connection is there, for both of us. The victim on the screen is kneeling now, his master's cock buried deep in his throat. I follow his movements, hypnotized, knowing that she is melting, as am I. There are no solid forms, there is no distance between us and the screen. There is nothing but this, this transmutation. It is complete. We have evolved.

My hand is stroking harder now, pressing her cock against her clit. It is she who is out of control, not I, and she is angry. I will pay the price. She is close to coming, I know the sounds too well. She moves quickly now: pulling her hand from my mouth, she shoves me to the floor and grabs my hair, pushing my face up so that I face her crotch. My back to the screen now, I am on my knees, my hands on her hips and my



mouth around her. I can smell the years of come in this place, can feel it on the floor beneath my knees. I cannot see, can barely breathe--I try to force myself to relax but she is thrusting too fast, pulling me away and then slamming me down.

The tip of her cock is pressed against the back of my throat like a softened rock. My head is pounding, my pants dripping wet. I am more open than I've ever been, directed by this woman whose master plan is within her field of vision but not in mine. It is her design now, her interpretation, and I melt into her strength and need, feeding her pleasure, feeling my mouth around her.

"Do it, do it" she whispers. "You bitch, that's all you're here for, just remember that..." She clasps my head and shoves my face down further into her lap. A beam of green and white shoots behind my eyes, blinding me, choking me.

"Take it take it you bitch..." She will come soon, I know. She has to, or I'll die. I have lost all sense of time--only her need and smell and power exist, that and a pressure in my head that threatens to explode. What do I look like now, small, crouched down, my face wet with tears and come, begging her to stop, my words choked back with every thrust? I can feel the juices running down my legs, seeping into my pants.

I am moaning now as much as she. I slide my fingers between pants and flesh and find her cunt, my knuckles twisting. I can smell her now as though I were inside her, I *am* inside her, and I slam my hand into her harder than she ever expected. Starting from my shoulder, I pay her back, pinning her against her chair, slamming and twisting. I slide my shoulders under her legs--she is open now, so open that she cannot stop, her anger weakening under my blows. She comes, her fingers clutching my hair, her cunt contracting around my hand like a vise, her back arched so that her cock plows into me with a final thrust that makes my whole frame shudder, melt, and then relax.

It is hours later, after a particularly brutal period of humiliation and abject pain, that I get my reward. I feel her breasts brush my own as she lowers her body onto mine, her pants sinking into my cunt, boots pushing the soles of my feet. I cannot see her--my eyes are bound--and I moan as her tongue caresses my lips, tasting blood where her hand had slammed flesh into teeth.

"Oh you girl" she says. "You good good girl."

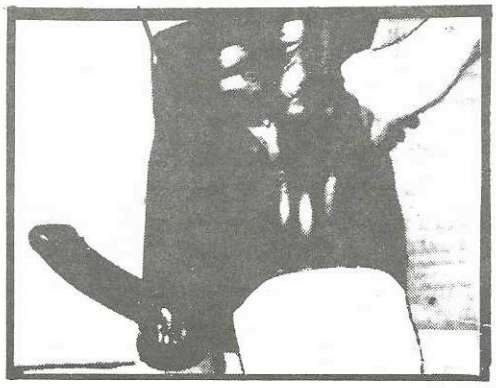
She runs her fingers over my legs, stroking bruises that are welling up like oil slicks on a calm sea. The thin cane had come down, an excruciating kiss making parallel paper-thin welts along the inside of my thighs. I had strained like a fox in a metal trap and she had waited until I was still before the cane came down again--a patient mistress teaching me the same.

I shudder as she digs her fingers into my thighs. My cunt is an open passion fruit, its thick juices running over the fingers of its violator.

"Love me" I say.

"Oh yes" she whispers. "You good good girl."

My reward is as follows: My mistress before me, her hands on my shoulders and her cock in my mouth, pumping my throat as I rub her shoe against my aching cunt--just as, as a child, I had saddled Arab horses and headed for the sun.



Confessions of a Skirt-Chaser

by Edna Barker

Five or six years ago a friend of mine got a last-minute return ticket to New York City. She had about three hours to pack and get to the airport. She arrived in the Big Apple and found her way to the YWCA hostel, where she settled in to do some research: New York City on a Friday afternoon, and where were the bars? A quick check in the telephone book turned up what seemed to be a promising listing: the Women's Bar Referral Service. A very nice lawyer answered and suggested that my friend try looking elsewhere in the phone book.

*

Five or six months ago, about forty gay people met one night to talk about the state of the revolution. One of the topics for discussion was the "line" to be presented to the world; another problem was how to decide which people would be presenting the "line." Choosing the revolutionaries proved to be difficult, and several qualifications were suggested. The one that bothered me the most was also, I suppose, the most inevitable: gay people should be presented with role models who are openly gay. My role models are not all openly gay; some of them are not openly men or women. But there I was, surrounded by openly gay revolutionaries. Brash baby butch to the end, I fearlessly questioned their wisdom. "Why," I whispered, "why are we making all these silly distinctions based on sexual orientation?"

*

Five or six weeks ago I was sitting in a friend's kitchen trying to listen to three conversations at once. Straight women, emotional responses to tampons, sex with women, sex with men ... One of the women was remembering life south of the Mason-Dixon line twenty years ago. A younger woman challenged the way she was describing the women she had known. "Why do you keep saying butch and femme?" the younger woman asked. "There's no such thing as butch and femme." She about stopped the conversation. Me, I just assumed she had never been to the Cameo Club.

*

Some days I wonder why we make distinctions based on sexual orientation; other days I wonder why we make distinctions based on sex. Most days it's hard to keep track of all the people I'm madly in love with. Besides Tina (Ms. Turner's shoes are at the top of my list), there are, this week, two heterosexual women, two strippers, a hooker and three faggots. My crushes have always been unorthodox, and I had always assumed it was the unattainability of my fetishes that attracted me. And I blamed a wide streak of masochism for the fact that I chose to lust after the unattainable. One friend thought maybe I felt more comfortable around straight women and gay men because, as he put it, "There's no pressure." But I was under plenty of pressure: I was worried about myself. A masochistic lesbian who likes het women and faggots is pretty kinky.

And then someone explained that maybe it wasn't their unattainability that attracted me to the people on my list. Maybe it wasn't something about *me* that made them seem attractive, but something about *them*. Straight women and gay men behave in ways most lesbians haven't learned--or have spent years trying to unlearn. Straight women--those pitiable victims of the oppressive patriarchy--know how to use their bodies to attract sexual partners. So do faggots. They dress sexy. They walk sexy. I think they're gorgeous not because I'm kinky but because they *are* gorgeous. The way they move is meant to be attractive. Me, I'm attracted. It's fatal, but I'm learning to live with it.

*

Once, many years ago, I went to a dance in Kingston. The music was mostly disco, and I was finding it hard to dance to. I noticed the men just planted their feet and moved around like Frankenstein's monster. I tried it for a few minutes. It was comfortable, so I kept doing it. When the song ended a woman came and asked me to dance. She watched me try a couple of monster moves, then asked, "Are you butch or femme?" I guess I confused her.

*

The year I came out I spent a lot of time at a bar called the Fly-by-Night, which was strictly "women only." No men allowed. Not even on the stereo. Girl groups--sorry, *womyn's music*--only. We all tried to dance anyway.

Then I found the Cameo, a "dance club for women." The Cameo was not very consistent about its "women-only" policy, and they let men in sometimes; they even provided a men's washroom (which was used mostly by women). There were never many men there.

So my first "mixed" dance, an affair called the "Homo Hop," was a revelation. I had never socialized with gay men, and I was a bit worried about going to the dance. I knew, from listening to the women at the Fly, that men were horrible creatures who had sex in bathtubs and would try to exploit me (if they spoke to me at all). I wasn't sure I wanted to go. But I had already bought two tickets and invited someone to go with me.

The woman I had invited wasn't afraid. "Come on," she said, "you'll have a good time." And she was right. As soon as I got in the door I knew it would be okay--mostly because it was so easy to tell the girls from the boys. The boys were the ones with high heels, silk stockings, slit skirts, big tits and long, luxurious curls. They were friendly. The ones in workboots and jeans who wouldn't look at you twice were the girls. It was at the Homo Hop that I began to be aware of my truly warped nature. I fall in love with anything that wears a skirt.

*

I understand why some women deny the existence of "butch" and "femme." There was a time--in Kingston, at the dance--when I, too, said, "There's no such thing." I didn't want to be trapped by a label. I didn't want to be one or the other. I didn't know what I wanted to be when I grew up, but I knew I didn't want to be pinned down as a butch or a femme before I even got started.

I feel that way about a lot of labels now. I like to think that if I can avoid having them pinned on me, I can be whatever I want to. The illusion of freedom is potent. One night, feeling drunk on my illusion, I went bar-hopping with two men friends. After a few false starts we reached our objective: the Manatee. I offered my money at the door, and they took it and stamped my hand. No labels on this kid. And I'm glad, because I really liked the Manatee. They had two dance floors, and the best music in town, and--up on platforms suspended overhead by chains--two go-go boys, who boogied their little hearts out. I danced a lot and had a good time and I wanted to stay longer, but I had to leave because although I can pass well enough to get in the door, I still can't pee standing up.

*

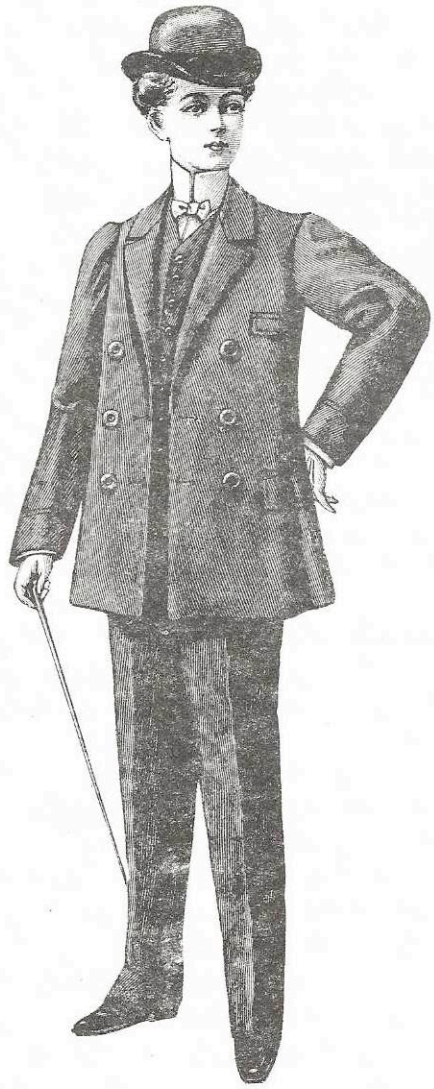
I may be butch one day and not so butch the next, and I may not be straightforward about whether I'm male or female, and my role models might come in all sizes and sexes and shapes, and I'll probably never learn to restrict my crushes to gay women. But finally, after all these years, I know what I want to be when I grow up.

I want to be a go-go boy at the Manatee.

N.B.: This article first appeared in THE BODY POLITIC, Nov. 1984, p. 51. It is reprinted here with the author's permission.

I Am That Man

by Z.



At work I watch you from afar. Casual acquaintances, we sometimes speak by the water-cooler. Your voice is so sweet and high; while mine is quiet, hushed by suppressed desire, like a stone in my throat.

I hardly know you--yet I am obsessed with the vision of you, in my mind. Your image fills me, always; your face; your hair; a gesture of your hand; some little thing you said... haunting my dreams.

"Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom tom,
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the tick-tick-tock of the stately clock,
As it stands against the wall;
Like the drip-drip-drop of the raindrops,
When the summer shower is through,
So, a voice within me, keeps repeating:
You, you, YOU!
Night and day--you are the one..."

From our conversations, I know that you think me intelligent and talented; but I'm just one of the women that you work with. I'm sure you think me reasonably attractive, albeit somewhat masculine in my appearance and attitude.

Maybe you even suspect how much I love women. Perhaps you *see* the fire, residing in my eyes, for you. If so... you probably think of me as just another dyke... But I'm *not* a dyke... I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. I'm a woman, on the outside--but I'm a *man* on the inside.

I have been cross-dressing and passing as male, longer than I can remember. I have actual, photographic proof as far back as the age of two. You should *see* me: age two, my hair greased back in shiny, black waves; in my little blue suit and tie... I'm sure the shirt buttoned to the right.

I suppose my parents were unusually supportive of my penchant for dressing, acting and passing as a boy. I even had my little-boy voice; and I used to scare the kids in the playground by slicking my hair at the waterfountain, furrowing my black eyebrows, and imitating Bela Lugosi.

At the ripe old age of 28, I've progressed to a high level of proficiency in the fine art of disguise. I have many varied examples of artificial facial hair, so realistically detailed as to defy detection even in the most intimate of situations. I have designed and created an array of amazingly lifelike, prosthetic phalluses that urinate, ejaculate (in assorted flavors), go soft, get hard, get hot--you name it; my dick does it.

I have also developed numerous male personae, whom I costume and play to perfection... "Charles John Austen": elegant British author; "David Hudson": romantic young professor; "Harley": macho biker; "The Supreme Z.": S&M leather-master; "Dr. Z.": sexy medical man; "Thor": god of thunder; "Andro X.": new-wave rock-boy; "Sargeant Spike": military strategist; "Tang Kee": master ninja; "Lloydd Rand": federal investigator; "John Drake": master spy. The list goes on, and all these guys are *me*.

But *you* don't know of my fetish for role-playing. I've never kissed *your* hand, as C.J.A. You've never felt the cool sensation of Dr. Z.'s stethoscope, making your heart *palpitate* with passion. You've never audited Dave's class; and Harley has never whistled at *your* ass. You *have* been tailed, by Drake; and Lloydd has listened to you via phonetap; but you were always unaware of their existence.

Yet, each of these men has held your hand and tenderly kissed your lips... within my mind's eye. SO MANY times I've wondered what type of guy would pique your interest... which one would you prefer? In my fantasies, you and I both *know* which man you want... *I* am that man.

You could love all the men within me--and the woman in me, as well.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is Friday night. I've been let off work two hours early, because of a power outage in my department. So, I go to my car to prepare.

I always park in the darkest corner of the underground garage. As I'm unafraid of molestation, the darkness makes me feel secure. I can enter the deep shadows, and emerge, reborn. I can enact my eternal struggle, as a shape-changing etheric being, bound by my physical form.

I enter my car, pull down the visor, and the vanity mirror lights up. I inspect my close-cropped hair, checking to see if there's any stubble on my shaved hairline. I take my black leather "shaving" kit out of the glove-compartment, and I remove: toupee glue, paintbrush, sponge, moustache and beard. With well-rehearsed precision I swiftly apply my disguise. Next, I take black mascara and apply it, hair-by-hair, to my eyebrows.

The effect is miraculous; I have been transformed. Even in my androgynous work-clothes, no one would ever question my gender, I am unmistakably... *male!* I start my little black sportscar, and decide against wearing glasses for tonight's escapade.

Soon I'm pulling into the lot of the nearby Chinese restaurant. I park, and take the hanging suit-bag from the back seat. I enter the restaurant, and head straight for the men's room. I have chosen this particular facility because it is a small, private room--with only one toilet and a sturdy lock. Once inside, I strip down to my black leather jock and socks. Inside its constraints, my cock is fully erect, as it has been all day.

I take my special ace bandage (6 inches wide and 6 feet long) and wrap it tightly around my small breasts; when I'm done, my chest is hard and perfectly proportioned. Then I put on my crisp shirt of palest grey, my dark grey leather tie, square gold cufflinks and gold tie-bar.

Next, I put on my most masculine jewelry: on the left I wear a thick gold wedding band, and my grandfather's square-faced gold wristwatch; on my right I wear a thin gold wristchain, and a large gold ring, set with a square black onyx with a horizontal row of five tiny diamonds.

Finally, I don my black sharkskin suit, circa: 1962. The pockets have no flaps and the lapels are only 1-3/4" wide. I look at myself in the amazing full-length Chinese men's room mirror, and I smile, my most sexy smile.

As I step out of the men's room, an attractive older woman squeezes by me in the narrow hallway, on her way to the ladies'. Her eyes flirt with me; and I, gregariously, return the compliment by raising an eyebrow suggestively.

I sit in a booth in the back, order broccoli with oyster sauce and sesame chicken; and eat my dinner, being careful to keep my tie and my beard clean. Soon I'm paying the bill and heading for the bar across from where I work.

The Casablanca Bar-n-Grill is quiet tonight. A handful of regulars sit around the bar, drinking and singing along with MTV. Dominic comes over and says: "Hi, C.J. Whattya drinkin'--the usual?" I nod and hold up two fingers in a victory sign. He smiles and gives me a double-shot of Meyer's dark rum with a spritz of Rose's lime juice.

Scanning the place with an eye for excitement, I realize it doesn't look too hopeful, and sigh at the prospect of a boring evening. An hour passes and I realize that I would have just been arriving now, if I had left work at the usual time.

The music video on the T.V. grabs my attention. Bryan Ferry, singing "Avalon," so cool and yet so melancholy... Bittersweet romance is his specialty. I turn away from his portrayal of angst just in time to see the door opening.

I feel my heart leap into my throat--because it's *you*... with Laura, your closest work-pal. You look around... you both look right at me, without a hint of recognition.

Laura's red hair vibrates against her pale blue blouse. You look super-sexy in your simple black jersey dress (my favorite) with the ever-popular plunging neckline. You sit across from me at the narrow end of the bar. Not *too* close, but close enough.

Slipping the hearing aid out of the watch pocket of my jacket, and into my ear, gives me just enough extra hearing-power to piece together your conversation.

You're telling her how *dull* your marriage seems after 18 years. She's telling you her troubles with her new lover, whose name is Janet. She says: "Yeah, *great*... you're *straight*!" You grin, saying: "How can you be so *sure*!" The two of you share the warmth of laughter, she gives you a little hug, and says: "You're such a good friend... I really *do* love you. You

always cheer me up when I'm depressed."

I beckon Dominic over and ask him to give you both drinks, on me. He gives them to you and points to me. You both glare at me, making it clear that you are not "into" being "hit on." *You* nod coldly and *she* gives me a dirty look, and says, in a stage whisper: "Who does that guy think he *is*, anyway? He sure ain't God's gift to women!"

You chuckle and say: "Well, he's not exactly thin, and he's not 6'2", but he *is* sorta sexy, in a cleancut kinda way. He's got broad shoulders, I bet he's got some muscles under that new-wave suit. And he *does* look intelligent... Y'know, I can't place him, but he's starting to look familiar."

I walk over with a lanquid gait, and take the stool next to yours. Trying to disguise my voice, I look you in the eye and say: "I can tell your friend doesn't like me; but I just felt lonely at the bar, all by myself, and I thought I might interest you in a bit of intellectually stimulating interpersonal communication. No strings attached, of course."

You look directly into my eyes; I match your gaze, and I drink of your inner essence. I taste the sweet elixir of your loving heart, and I desire you with every fiber of my being.

For one brief moment, I see shocked surprise on your face, but then you smile and say: "Now I *realize* where I know you from, it's the beard that threw me off, it looks so *masculine*."

I start to melt at your choice of words. You're grinning from ear-to-ear as you turn to Laura and say: "Excuse us, will you dear, we have *so* much catching up to do!" You loop your arm around mine and lead me to a secluded booth in the dimly lit back room... I figure you must be intrigued.

The subtlety of the lighting in the lounge fosters the illusion of my masculine gender. As we sit cuddling in the high-backed booth, you tell me how you have fantasized about my maleness on so many droll nights, in your suburban bedroom.

Your arm snakes its way around my collar and you insert a finger between my neck and the collar-band. It sends a shiver down my spine and my groin begins to pulsate. You grab my tie with the other hand and slowly pull me towards you. Eyes closed, our mouths meet. Our kiss is more like a '40s film than a XXX movie. We just touch our burning lips together; our breathing heated, and rising.

I gently massage your breasts as we embrace, kissing. You separate abruptly as if pulling away from an electrocuting circuit. You heave a deep sigh and say: "My *God*! I had *forgotten* what it was like to feel rushes of passion! This is wonderful! I think I love you!

You throw your arms around my head, and bury my nose in your cleavage. I run my face across your breastbone and up to your throat. I nibble on your neck and you actually *quake* with delight. I slip one hand between your legs as we shudder in unison. We exchange our love; and we are past the point of no return!

We hurtle homeward along the hot-foot highway. My engine is racing and your pussy is purring. You rub your hands all over my shoulders, chest, neck and arms, yet you seem to avoid my private parts at first. But as your arousal builds, you become less inhibited.

You let your fingers rest at the apex of my crotch, expecting to find a feminine smoothness. You stroke my upper thighs and discover my bulge. You run your shapely fingers across the length of my impressive erection.

You're turned-on, but you are, obviously, confused. Inside your head, you begin to question. And then you find yourself assuming me to be a bona fide boy person.

You're even hotter now, and predominantly heterosexual; you are also *slightly* high, so you boldly ask: "Are you a *guy*--or what?!" I have to laugh, but I *love* it! I hug you warmly, and somewhat roughly to my broad, hard chest, and smile widely, saying: "Whattya *want* me to be, baby? Whatever apparatus you want, I *got* it... Do you know what an hermaphrodite is?"

You nuzzle under my strong arm, sighing your wet answer into my hot ear: "The best of both worlds!" you reply soberly.

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Monthly Cycles

by Ricki Wilson

I've only had one menstrual period
I lost a pint and a quarter of blood

the first step is betrayal
betray your friends
betray your family
betray your sisters
betray the doctors you will use to make you well
the first step is to lie
the first step is to hurt
the first cut is made
just behind the glans penis
it must hurt like hell
if you're not anesthetized
i awoke in the recovery room
and the gowned and masked nurse asked me where i was
I knew she was testing my orientation
I knew I was in the cleveland clinic
"Switzerland" i replied
I couldn't see through her white mask
if she smiled
i knew that i had a vagina then
I was deathly afraid to feel between my legs
to send my awareness down there
I was numb anyway
when I awoke again
some friends were around my bed
I was back in my room
24 hrs earlier I had been in that room wide awake
the night nurse had given me two enemas
I had been told to wash in the shower cubicle
with betadine scrub
do you know, betadine is like iodine
it is sanitizing and it is blood red
I had to wash from my chest to my knees
I watched it run down my body
past my genitals
into the drain and through the pipes
I thought about my first period as it
flowed like blood over my thighs
as it would to the table and then
the floor, tomorrow
I thought about feeling my penis one last time
was I sure
I went back to my room without touching myself

the second step is insanity
the world is crazy
I hurt deep and fast
I was cut so much worse than
by the doctors' knives
I am not a real womyn
I am a surgically altered male
I am a betrayer of womanhood
I am a spy in your camp
I am deserving of your hatred, your pity,
your contempt, your suspicion
I am crucified by Mary Daly
I am dissected by Janice Raymond
I am fascinating
I am different
I am still a man you know
I'm completely female
you can't even tell
why am I making such a fuss about it
we're all people underneath, aren't we
I can never really know what it's like to be a womyn
I can never really escape being a man
well, as long as you're happy, that's what really counts
you're not welcome in this bar
you're not welcome in this party
you're not welcome in my home
were you really a man?
I think transexuals are so interesting
when did you first realize you wanted to be a woman
I have always been a woman
I mean, when did you finally reach your decision
there was no decision
I mean, you had to have a lot of courage to face surgery
does it take courage for a blind person to want to see
but why did you do it
I was going to suck on the exhaust pipe of my car one night
I decided to try one other chance
well you must tell me about it sometime

the third step is isolation
i bleed quietly in isolation
the betadine scrub is still flowing down the drain

(emot cabemac i u, emot cabemac i u, emot i u cabemac, i u emot cabemu amitaf cully rebe emot i u)

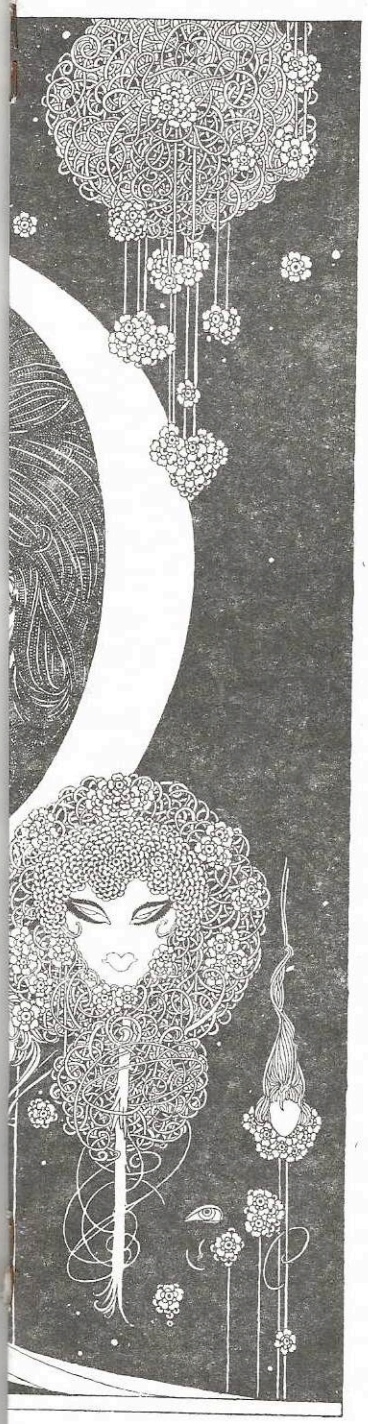
across the murky light
her shadows meet
of night a night
her moon white face
swims in my murky view
her eyes coals red
her eyes coals red
streaming
yo naki
yo na ki
and when i look right at her
and when i look right at her
i wonder if
if i see
if i see
her darkness against darkness
if i see
her darkness
across the hazy room
i see her shadows meet
her darkness against darkness
a murky shade moves
near my eyes

her hands have held me a thousand ways
a thousand times
a thousand ways
her translucent self
a thousand times
impervious as steel
impervious as steel she is my god
her coal grip hot on my mortal flesh
her every curve sing to me
how can i draw what i cannot see
how do i draw what i cannot see?
red blue black green
white moonlight for a face
fire for a touch
is it any wonder i could want so much?
yo yo yo naki
yo na ki
singing every chord through my body
every cord of my body
drawn taut for her
drawn taut by me
drawn taut by her
drawn, taught by her

N.B.: "Yonaki" is a Japanese word meaning "night

aki

nda jane



(emot cabemac i u, emot i u cabemac, amitaf cully rebe emot i u, otem cabem i u)
an island with the moonlight approaching by sea
i see
the shimmer
i see
the light
i don't see her quite right
only to be her priest
she be my god
something tells me
yo
something tells me
yo
my obeisance
yo na ki
only to be her priest
she be my god
i see her moon white face
painted hard on walls
floors of her temple
i feel the lightest touch
i move through murky light
i see her shadows meet
of night in night
her moon white face
her eyes red coals
streaming
i see her face
painted hard on temple walls
drawn taut by her
and when i look right at her
and when i look right at her
yo
yo na ki

her hands have held me
a thousand ways
a thousand times
a thousand ways
a thousand times
only to be her priest
she be my god
is it any wonder i could want so much
fire for a touch
yo
yo na ki
how can i draw what i cannot see?

ries" and is the euphemism geishas use for orgasm.

Ethical Considerations in the S/M Relationship

by JD Rabbit

I recently came across a book of "New Games," non-competitive group sports for those who prefer their sport free of conflict and competition. The motto of the authors was, "Play hard; play fair; no one hurt." Given my kinky orientation, I could not help but muse upon the applicability of the motto to our S/M games as well ...

Play hard. If you're going to *do* it, *go* for it! Make it intense! Make it extremely pleasurable and memorable. Play with all you've got.

Play fair. What is "fair"? Above all, fairness is honesty. This applies to both tops and bottoms. Is the relationship itself honest? Do both parties have a clear agreement as to the nature and scope of the relationship? Does the bottom have a realistic notion of what she is getting herself into before you bind her down to the last whisker and come at her with a closetful of hardware and a leering grin? Have you been honest with yourself about the degree of slavery to which she has consented? And, if you aim to extend that degree, do you scrupulously refrain from taking unfair advantage of her helplessness? ... of her psychological weaknesses? ... of her affection for, or dependence upon, you? -- And do you feel that she honestly wants what she *thinks* she wants? Between the fantasy and the reality may lie more than she bargained for! It is the duty of a responsible top to consider all such possibilities.

Fairness also implies a balanced relationship. Who is getting the most out of the scene? Is the bottom getting as much as the top? Is the top short-changing herself in her desire to bring pleasure to the bottom? Be fair to yourself too!

Fairness means being realistic, always monitoring feedback attentively. Are you *sure* she is really managing to get behind as much as you are dishing out? Beginners have been known to get carried away, blinded, as it were, by their enthusiasm. You want to walk that delicate balance between being too "soft" and being too severe. One friend offers this guideline: "A dominant is entitled to as much as you can comfortably handle--plus about 5%!"

Fairness also implies treating another person with absolute respect at all times, even when calling someone down for misbehavior. We're all aware of the need to treat our top with respect and humility; we would do well to maintain a firm respect for our submissives as well, and a humility in our handling of them, lest we fall into arrogance ...

No one hurt ... It is wise to recall that the primary danger of injury is not to either party but to the relationship itself. Insofar as we cherish the relationship, we must play hard, play fair, exercise caution and reason, wisdom and compassion, lest the relationship itself suffer as a result.

At the mention of injury, we normally think first of the possibility of physical injury. Enough has been said and written about the need to experiment cautiously and escalate gradually that no more need be added here. But have you considered realms beyond the physical: mental injury, emotional injury, psychological injury, spiritual injury? In short, is what you are doing to your bottom *good* for her? Is it making her stronger, or weaker? Is it increasing her self-respect, or undermining it? Is it enhancing her sense of self-worth, or reducing it? Are your power-needs making her dependent on you? Are you feeding a *pathological* desire to abdicate responsibility altogether, for self-deprecation, or to nourish a real sense of unworthiness? Delve beyond the surface. If you care about this person, get a good sense of where she is coming from with her scene appetites. Are her urges wholesome and noble, or are they detrimental to her personal/spiritual growth? I offer as an example my refusal to do a scene of degradation, of so-called "verbal abuse." If my submissive gets off on being told what a miserable unworthy shit she is, -- am I doing her any favor to reinforce such feelings by making them pleasurable???

When working with a submissive who is clearly inclined to shirk responsibility, I manage my scene in such a way as to require her to exercise *more* responsibility ... or awareness ... or self-discipline ... or whatever else I sense she

needs to develop for a balanced, functional, fulfilling personality. It is not enough to run a scene merely for mutual pleasure; as a top you have the power--and hence the responsibility--to skillfully nudge a submissive upon ways that are to her benefit as well.

Thus the final injunction "No one hurt" is ideally expanded to "Some good accomplished." That, plus a lot of good, clean, intense fun: what more could we wish for?

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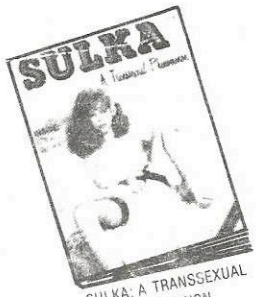


SULKA: A TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON

The Crystal-Quilted Rabbit Stew Dancefloor Lover

by Ricki Wilson

There's a pulse on the Dancefloor that's contagious, and my hips are punching wide arcs in the frozen air. The strobe freezes a dancer for a Polaroid nanosecond, then releases her to cut a more fabulous figure in the curling smoke. It is 2 a.m., and it is hot. Not hot like heat, although it is, but hot like in-heat, as one after another we climb the Dancefloor to release the ache that throbs centerpoint just between the hip bones. Heat hot enough to melt the hair on my cunt and send it flowing floorward down the insides of tight sweaty thighs. But if I think that image too long I'll top out right here on the Dancefloor and that's something I've never been able to do unlike Kathleen.

And she was experience strange... the right song, the right mood, and top out right there before everyone on my thigh, a little spot of damp gratitude on my pants leg right through two pairs of solid bluejeans. She'd center on the right spot and grind fine powder to dust and the shivering meant the top was coming off just fine. With one more sincere shiver more sincere than the rest I knew it was done and she'd whisper to help prop her up against the wall while she tried out at catching her breath. I'm smiling and smirking a bit and feeling proud and secretive and a little soiled somehow all at once without contradiction and left out. Especially that. I'd like to be able to do that too. I quiz her after each one on its caliber, depth and duration. Most of this lacks words for her, and I'm left trying somehow to match it to my own experiences and convince myself that I'm not missing anything, or at least not anything really important. Or at the very least that mine are much more intense and that's my compensation for topping out only in private, for if we're going to have equal opportunity and justice for all it should surely start with each of us so opportunely topping out with equal and

justly vigor.

The girls used to go down to the cellar to make it. That made me pea-green too. More girls were made behind those splintered green doors than ever in the goddess's own stamping plant, and probably not more than a few thousand of us found out down there that Coke is the Real Thing after all. One femme friend of mine who wouldn't sleep with me but once, and that damn little, because she said I'd slept with men and was therefore straight unlike her, who got an honest-to-goodness case of true blue vaginismus at the very thought of bareheaded male gristle pointed anywhere near her soft spot, and who later went on to swing with a het couple to great allaround satisfaction, told me once how she had taken her short butchy bitchy beautiful alco lover down to the tombs one dark night and ended up doggy style, lover over the toilet bowl, with one then two oh god yes three gone for glory in that girl, and she rather big and strong herself, no shit. While lesbians in the corridor howled their disapproval and pounded on that unresponsive door to one of only two bathrooms, caught in the vicegrip of their own distended and complaining kidneys, while her lover panted and grunted over that bowl like a priestess over porcelain holy water and in alcoholic ecstasy topped it off in straight sets.

Stew, stew, rabbit stew. Rabbit stew lovers is all they is. Seems some of the early settlers starved to death eating their fill of rabbit stew. Lost in those cruel winter woods and nothing to eat but those lean little hedge-runners. But you see: there's no fat on them; hardly a drop. And without the fat, your intestines can't even touch that meat. And so after a while you get the runs so bad your insides run straight out your ass watching your life cramping and squeezing out onto the ground between your tired twitching buttocks. Which only makes that Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph hunger inside god help me even worse and so you eat more stew and more runs and yessir you can starve yourself plumb to death eating till you burst your seams on rabbit stew. And I'm eating rabbit stew lovers and rabbit stew love and drowning it all on that rabbit stew Dancefloor.

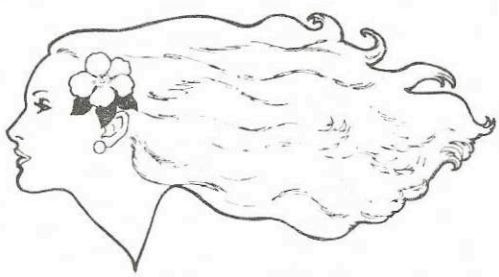
Leaving Wendy. Seven years down the tubes. Eighteen months into her excuses about why we aren't having sex anymore, I'm suddenly struck with the realization that it's not going to get any better. Rabbit stew lover she is. Telling me she still doesn't know, needs more time, the difference between love and in-love is what, anyway, and you know damn well or else you've turned sudden idiocy behind those brilliant green cat's eyes, striking your otherwise brilliant mind, striking it blind. What's between my legs needs you and what's between my arms needs you and between my eyes I need you in my ears and armpits and asshole and straight through my aching thing for gods sweet sake top me off just once before I go you used to have a cock.

A what. A cock. Oh yeah. That. It's never said, but it lays there between us as alive as pre-op and the doctors didn't remove it at all just moved it to her mind instead. Still alive and well and living and maybe we should make rabbit stew of it and eat it raw and dead and done and gone, and although she never says anything of this, this event in the last two years of our love, still it is there. In sudden pain I grip my insides, and grabbing a suitcase from the closet I pile clothes upon clothes into it, heading for the door and my car. Ten minutes later I'm on the road to a lesbian Halloween dance in Cleveland Heights and in twenty I'm there, moving out across that Dancefloor, with a girl in front of me who went out and enlisted in the Marines the very next morning, no doubt checking her bone-handled switch at those very portals of Democracy, and a girl behind who three months later became a passing lover and later still the lover of one of the managers of Plato's Retreat in New Yawk City. We're smashed together making Ricki sandwich, always one of my favorite dishes, and hips popping, arcing, circling to the deep Donna beat of Bad Girls: which we certainly are. Because in proper Cleveland Heights lesbian circles, proper Cleveland Heights lesbians don't go trying their dead-level best to prop that top off, right before the terrified eyes of the reigning political queen and her court, eyes now permanently plexiglassed over in glazed shock and stunned disbelief, not unless one at least has the good taste, sense and forethought to be discussing Men Possessing Women just as the future Marine grabs a deep breath and tops it off a good three octaves above the first strings, making even Donna Summer's top-drawer moaning sound just exactly like Wayne Newton in prepubescent heat for Pat Boone.

And still the Dancefloor is there. Another crystal thread woven in this fragile quilt of sexual moments and sexual women that borders and surrounds and threads my life.

And yet sometimes it was good. Like on the very best of nights when you climbed the split marble staircase to the bouncer on the top landing and paused a beat second in the doorframe filling the room with your casual glance so pointedly for no one at all, so studiedly inattentive that you

drew attention to your body like honey, glued to the hollows and curves outlined in the skintight top, the coarse pants, the just-right Dancing-shoes, the hint of lipstick to set off your lips' suggestive sexual pout. And then the Dancefloor, punched out against the solid wall, clavicles vibrating to the pulse of 6-foot woofers that collected scores of lipstick-smeared half-empty glasses the Puerto Rican busboys would whisk away into the recesses of the bar. The blond bartender with the concave, ribbed-out stomach and drop-dead t-shirt with the white sleeves carefully rolled up over white shoulders to reveal hard muscles in her arms, the delts flexing solidly as she reached for a top shot glass and the strobe threw soft blond hairs on her forearms into sudden bas relief. And we drooled at the unattainable. And at the attainable but unapproached. Couching each other in livid fantasies of what we would couple like in some loft on the Lower East Side of the Upper 80's or even lowly Hoboken. The menu of tricksters was never full. Finally the beat, grabbing at your crotch like a man's insistent groping on a crowded subway, with strong probing fingers that seemed to rub all the sore sensitive spots already flushed and turgid watching womyn's bodies flung cat-in-heat arched-back poses all around the crystal Dancefloor, peeling you off that wall to dance against Michael Jackson or Donna Summer, a voice, a synthesized bass challenging you to pull every step, every grind out of your pockets and drop it there on the Dancefloor. And in the heat and smoke and the throb in your clit, and the sweat stinging your eyes and staining the front of your just-tight Danskin sheath, and the seam of the Levis giving you a rub through crotch job, smoke and bodies and poppers and weed you were celebrating Diana or Eros or Aphrodite or even something more pagan: that in the beat of straight songs we were womyn who had found each other for the night and before we were strangers again in the dawn we would possess and thrill and ravish each other through the fantasy curtains that were the Dance.



The Libertine Librarian

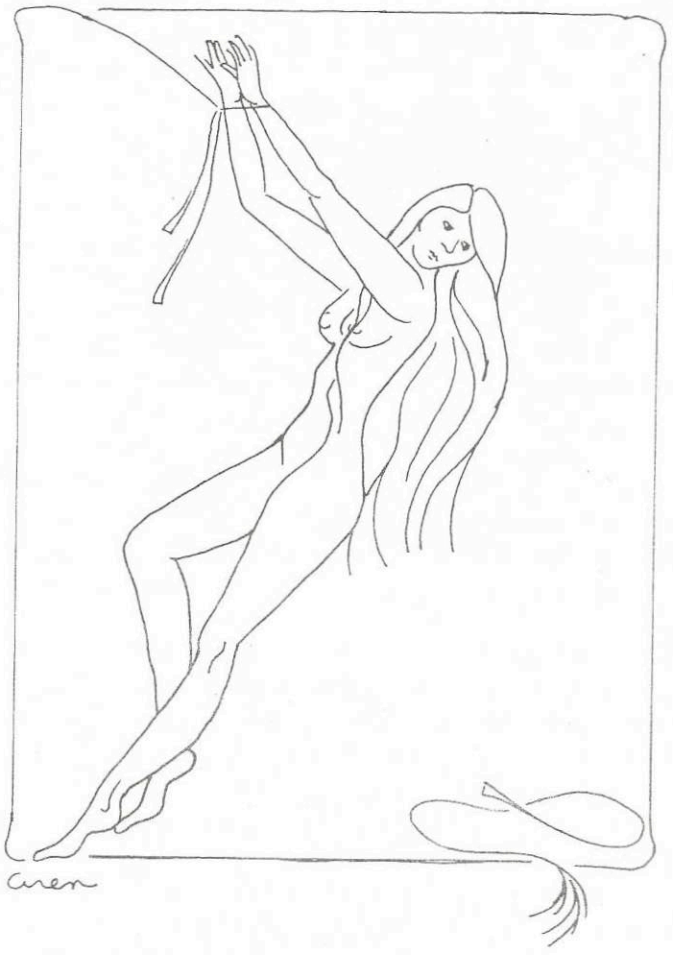
Naomi L.K. has published a HOT and twisted coloring book, "Women Into Leather," $12.50 (include sales tax if you live in California), P.O. Box 70846, Pasadena, CA 91107. Naomi L.K.'s work is bold and stylized, and her women are kinky and passionate. Printed on very high grade paper. Signed copies are $25 each.

Part II (*Dreams of Vengeance*) and III (*Throne of Council*), both $7.95, of Artemis OakGrove's Throne Trilogy are out at last from Lace Publications, P.O. Box 10037, Denver, CO 80210-0037.

Revolt Press, Box 15, S-360 70 ASEDA, Sweden, has two books by prominent gay male S/M artists: *Mr. SM Special 2* by Nigel Kent and *Toy Special 1* by Bastille. Kent does realistic drawings of male-on-male leathersex. Bastille's drawings are marvelous evocations of heavy rubbersex and scat. Write Revolt for prices, but be forewarned--my review copy of Kent was confiscated by U.S. Customs.

John Sutcliffe of Atomage, a British fetish clothing firm which made some of Emma Peel's catsuits in earlier Avenger episodes, has passed away. The elderly Mr. Sutcliffe had been found guilty in a lengthy and expensive obscenity trial. His heirs plan to close up shop. Goodbye to a fine craftsman of the old school who gave many people a great deal of pleasure.

Sexual Magic: The S/M Photographs, by Michael A. Rosen, can be ordered from Shaynew Press, P.O. Box 11719, San Francisco, CA 94101 for $20 plus $1.50 book rate postage or $3 first class mail. If you are a California resident, add sales tax. These are real sadomasochists at play, not models. Rosen has captured moments of true beauty and transcendence. Many of the photos are of women doing scenes with other women.



Yours for the Day (A Two-Part Renewal of Our Chain)

by Kat

Part I: Alone

I had been away from my womyn for ten days already. Sprawled alone on a large double bed in a hotel room high above the glittering city, isolated, horny, I was staring at the "travel kit" she had slipped into my bag. My work taking me across the country several times a year, we are often separated from each other, held together over the years by the intensity of our reunions. No matter the distance, the "kit" she always prepares for my trips is a constant reminder of her bonds, stronger than the best alloy, softer than the finest silk, tying her but controlling me.

The "kit" was a letter penned by her beautiful hand in red ink, folded carefully and covered in a piece of rich black leather. I knew she had rubbed herself on it: it carried her smell to my nostrils which flared up in excitement. My own cunt started to flow, my clit hardened painfully by reflex. I pressed the leather firmly over my face, inhaling deeply; I let it caress my nakedness, stopping over each aching nipple. I did not dare pass it between my wet thighs for fear of losing my bottom's essence. I paused.

The "kit": a fantasy-letter-poem. Always in dirty words, always expressing our deepest desires. Never edited for the mind. Never censored by any guilt nor shame. In the most basic way it addresses itself to the soul, reaching it through the skin, the ass, the crotch. This time I trembled when I saw the first words--"My dearest bottom ..." Again, she had sensed my growing need. I never told her; she knew that I used the humiliation of silent acquiescence to increase my ultimate pleasure. The time had come. Soon she would be taking me across lines that she herself had seen so often. Soon she would force me to assume her bonds, force me to yield my cat to her control, force me to submit to my own cat's exquisite sting: voluntarily, I will be hers, craving to be hers.

I tried to continue reading but my mind was racing. My thighs had opened and I threw myself passionately upon my hand, the full length of my fingers disappearing. I wanted to come desperately, quickly. But I stopped, knowing that I would be robbing myself of some of the next day's delicious torments. I slowly removed my wet hand and licked it dry. I shoved a pillow roughly between my legs and squeezed. I forced myself to slumber into an agitated sleep, wanting the sweet tortures that were sure to share my dreams because of my extreme, unquenched arousal: chains, whips, dildoes, leather. Leather harnesses, leather straps, leather masks, leather all over, tight, warm, cool, soft, rough, its erotic odor exploding in the lungs after each breath, reaching the bloodstream and carried to all the senses. Alerting them: pain, pleasure, more pain, more pleasure.

When I woke up I was aching all through my body. I was still mounted on the pillow which was soaking wet with my honey, glued to my cunt; I must have come many times during the night but I felt only in greater need of relief. In the shower, steamy water cascaded over my body, opening the skin; the whip will not find it unwanting... Tingling, I left for the airport.

On the plane I had a light meal. I invariably eat sparingly before sex: each instinct is best satisfied independently so that its build-up to a climax is experienced to the fullest. The stewardess offered complimentary champagne-orange juice and I had two, slowly. Small amounts of

ethanol permit me to enjoy a little more pain, giving me a lot more satisfaction; larger amounts only dangerously blunt my perceptions. Lusting, screwing is indeed an art, easily spoiled, like a symphony played too loud, or too soft, or too fast.

At last I was in the cab on my way to our farm, far from any people. I began to feel her, her voice, her breath, her smell. My nipples stiffened in anticipation of the touch of her strong hands. I crossed my legs tightly so that each bump on the road would harden my tender clit--a trick that my first lover taught me when I was 15. My ass was warm, craving to be warmer. I was open to her.

Part II: With Her

She was waiting for me at the door, slim and muscular; she used to be a dancer. She had cut her blond hair short, punkish, slightly greased up above the ears. Her eyes were darker than usual, the makeup giving her angular face a look of authority. She had no lipstick on her thin lips; I liked that. Once I was safely behind the locked doors, quite helpless from then on, she shed her silk house coat, revealing a studded neck collar with a large full ring, a tight corset laced up both the front and the back and a sexy garter belt resting on her small hips. All in black leather. Her long legs were covered by sheer black stockings. She was wearing her favorite tall riding boots, polished to a blinding shine. Her firm boyish ass and her crotch were completely exposed. I instantly wanted her.

Without a word--she had not authorized any yet--we pressed urgently together, grinding, she feeling me all up. She made me lick her mouth loudly, not allowing me a kiss ... she had such knowledge of me! Her hard red clit bathing in thick love juices, easily appreciated through her velvety blond bush, told me she was as excited as I. She dragged me to the "play room." I offered enough resistance that she had to grip my arms strongly, bruising them. Our excitement increased.

I had purposefully worn an old shirt. She understood and ... ripped it off savagely, scratching my back. I was shivering and complained. The slap came swiftly across my cheek, anchored by her left hand. There was no escape. My cunt was throbbing unbearingly and I tried to reach it through my jeans. "You filthy bitch," she said and I felt the second blistering slap, much harder than the first, exactly what I wanted. I came with a rush of blood to my face--I never was able to hide my orgasms from her--

"Goddam whore. You deserve only to be left alone," she said. "Please don't leave me mistress," I begged. She pulled my jeans to the floor, carrying my shoes with the same motion and she kicked the lot into a corner. She rapidly bonded my wrists in wide leather restraints, not losing the tempo of our rising excitement. My arms were stretched over my head where she tied them to a beam, causing my breasts to push out and tighten. I pleaded for "Mercy," not our word so her eyes flashed with pleasure. "Spread your legs wide, I want to see that juicy cunt of yours," she said. I complied. She ordered me to look at myself in the large mirror lining the panelled walls. Again I obeyed. Seeing myself so obscenely spread out, I felt so humiliated that I almost came.

I saw her take the cat out of a drawer. She started cuddling its smooth handle in her right hand, making it come alive, passing the long braided tails over herself. Her soul was merging with it, they were becoming one. She trailed it between her engorged cunt lips and made me smell her. Then she fucked the handle for a minute. "Lick me," she ordered. I took the shaft into my mouth. "Suck me, suck me hard," she continued. Eyes closed I savored her juices until the handle was dry. "What does my little bitch need?" I did not answer. She repeated, angry. I kept silent...

I did not have to wait long. The lashes came down on my back, softly at first then harder and lower until my ass was on fire, rising in delicate welts and colored with fine bruises. The tails started perversely reaching for my cunt, just where I felt my greatest need for them, but just as perversely staying far enough from the crucial areas that I could not come: she wanted me to urge her on. So I sobbed for her to "Please stop! Oh God please stop ... !" "Shut up," was all I got but the beating accelerated until she sensed that she had brought me to the brink of coming. She stopped!

Seconds later she was smothering my ass with oriental oils, spreading it inside my thighs. She cupped my feverish cunt with a full hand and pressed. "Fuck yourself, fuck yourself," she said. I tried but she did not let her fingers enter. Her other greased hand moved down the crack of my ass, one finger finding my willing anus. I pushed and took it all in, swallowing it whole. I rocked from front to back, seeking more. My hole was opening and she quickly filled me with

(Continued on Page 20)

Cop Tease

by Nightshade

I never had trouble finding rough lovers; perhaps they found me. I was aware that I was a bright, challenging person to be with, yet I never felt the need to lay a heavy trip on people sexually or make a lot of demands. I liked to kiss and pet, and I came when I was bruised a little. At the age of 18, my awareness extended no further than that. I never knew why this woman I knew, Terry, kept saying things to me that embarrassed me. One day I sat on the bench outside the west classroom building and she came up to me and smiled, "Why do you look so nervous? I'm not going to hurt you." I didn't answer, but she pulled me down on the grass and for the next hour and a half, she showed me. That was in the days when students went barefoot to class and so did teachers, and the teachers used "fuck" in their lectures, and classes were held outdoors where students could pay attention to the clouds. I wrote some graffiti about her on the toilet stalls. She had forced Ms. Cool into new thoughts. I caressed myself with bad words--go ahead, call me trash. I am trash, I'm a false glitter on a downtown street, I'm the whore of Babylon. My name is Decadence, didn't you know that, sweet Terry? I won't embrace you again, I won't dream of soiling your purity again. You see my painted face? Do you have any idea how sweet pain is? The whore of Babylon is called Lost. How do you know I didn't know who I am before you lowered yourself to teach me? I don't live in a movie--isn't that what you were trying to tell me? I'm real. Or am I? Maybe I'm the celebrated whore of Babylon. You don't know me, not at all. You just think you do.

And for nights to come, I couldn't sleep. I didn't know why but obsessive images ran through my mind, of my back on the grass and my wrists pinned, my lips forced into an unwilling, unresistible kiss. The truth was, I didn't know myself, nor did I care to know. It was--I was--an abyss.

I worked there at the west building part time evenings to pay my way through school, my parents refusing me tuition because I had come out to them quite openly, almost explicitly. I was a secretary/receptionist to the head of the English department, but my duties included a variety of odd chores. It wasn't long before I discovered, on the way down the hall to pick up the mail, that the rooms further down were occupied by police science classes. Three times a week, 60 to 70 uniformed officers from all over the city and its suburbs, studying topics like crime lab, fiber and blood evidence, traffic procedures, the latest statutes, advanced methods of search and seizure. My head spun. They were all so gorgeous.

I dated, found women I cared about, fussed and worried about between dates. I wondered if cops in Denver had an unusually high injury rate. They all worried about me too. Someone was always on hand to see me to my car at 10:30, after I had set the burglar alarms.

And they had coffee breaks! I tried to time my breaks to theirs, but this didn't usually work out. Instead, I'd find myself sent to the mail room at 8:00.

There they were, standing around talking shop, smoking and drinking many cups of coffee, looking haggard after, or before, a long day. I never knew why, but it used to go dead quiet, and all I heard were my bootheels echoing. I never knew where to look, it was like running a gauntlet. I dreaded those times. My heart pounded. I refused to let it show. Hell, I was an employee here, big deal. I didn't hold court like a queen.

The officers stepped aside, courteously?

I had to repeat that on the way back, and it was the same day after day. From my friends. I felt confused.

Once, one of them stepped out in my way. He was at least six feet tall, and skinny as a fence post. "Move your carcass," I ripped out with an

automatic snarl. I could see he was pissed, but he did as I told. My eyes fell suddenly on a blond woman in city blue, standing a little apart from another officer. She had a coffee cup in her hand and she watched me, expressionless. Our eyes locked by accident, and though I was startled, I couldn't pull my gaze away. There was something in her face so cold, unbelievably cold, ruthless, hard. "It's like she wants to break me, then..." I thought. It was too difficult to hold a gaze like that nerve-wracking one. I yanked my eyes away from hers, but I could feel her icy stare bore into me as I walked. I held my head calm and high as the eyes tore my shirt from my back and my wide shoulders and small waist. Or was this my obsessive imagination come to play again? Something in her, or me, or us--us?--was uncompromisingly violent.

Please bear in mind I was only 18. I didn't care what adults thought. I dozed before my own office opened, on the bench in the hall. I slept openly. When I was jerked into wakefulness, it was to feel my army fatigue shirt had slipped down my shoulder and bared it. I felt the blond cop pulling it back as she bent over me. When you wake up quick like that, you can't control where your eyes go. Ours were locked deeply at a range of a foot. Neither of us said anything. She walked away, I bit my lip and didn't speak the words. Who was she, uniform or not? If she wants me, let her ask like anybody else.

One night I stayed a little late at the office to finish some filing. No one had bothered to stay this time. Typical police, I thought. I was grouchy about it and tired. Some guardians. I set the alarm and left. The campus was deserted, of course, at that hour. There were the trees under a street light, the parking lot I had to walk around the building to reach.

There was a police car there, parked beside the campus tennis court, and standing beside it was the blond oddball cop, alone and in uniform, with the car's lights dimmed. No, they were off. "Hey, come over here," she called softly. More curious than wary, I didn't hesitate, cops being guardians of the peace after all.

She looked at me. "Cop tease," she grunted in a voice icy like her eyes.

"That's a bad..." But I never got the words out; she grabbed me, slung me hard up against the car. It nearly knocked my breath out. I fought, because it never occurred to me to scream. I wasn't a screamer. I fought, and she thrust a knee between mine, standing in such a way that I'd trip if I tried to run. I fought anyway, and she began kissing me, trying to force her hand down my jeans, bruising my throat. I screamed in pain softly and the sound must have enraged her. Holding me by one arm, she flung the door open and threw me inside.

She kept me there a long time, only handcuffing me by one wrist to a door handle. The cuff enraged me, but it hardly mattered. There was no one to hear us down this way at that hour. Fear swept through me. Cops were human, after all, and this one was nuts.

She took her time with me, slowly exploring my body, now and then pulling apart more of my clothing. When I refused her lips, she kissed and licked her way down to my collarbone, her teeth bruising it harshly and leisurely, she insulted me, my fighting became writhing. I felt myself become wet and open, begging, to my horror, fingers that were nowhere near there. I held back involuntary and meaningless thrusts into a body that wasn't there.

I gradually sank down on my back under her assault. Her tongue explored my nipple, her hands bared another one, loosened and removed nearly everything I wore, but through all this she never unbuttoned so much as a cuff or collar of her own shirt. She trailed her way down my belly, but no further. As her body lay more fully on mine I sprawled awkwardly, my legs pushed apart by her weight. I could only bite with frustration on her shield of authority. Then not even that, as she went lower still, a police officer, a sworn officer! She pulled gently at the first of my pubic hair, stroking my thighs a little wider, caressing so gently ever closer, never pulling, never forcing, never rough. As my lips began to swell, first the outer to their fullest, and the inner, she praised each one with her fingertips. When I had voluntarily, fully, exposed myself, she stroked the gaping lips a little. Hastily she readied me, and to my terror, unloaded her service revolver and brought it close. Carefully she widened me and held me open and then she slipped the gun inside, letting my vagina close over its cold length. I convulsed in terror and the gun sights, rough, moved inside me, irritating me to flaming lust. For that moment I didn't care that it was a gun. I sobbed and swore her oath; my body wracked by contractions.

She all but pushed me out of the car after that. She was flushed and breathing as hard as I was. She only explained as I lay there exhausted, that she had to put some quick miles on her car before returning to the station. Dazed, I pulled my clothes together. I was out on the street, she waiting till I safely had my car lights on before pulling out. I flicked them on and thought how much she had risked.

Yours for the Day (A Two-Part Renewal of Our Chain) (Continued)

all her slick fingers. She rubbed my bowels expertly, dilating me to capacity with knowing slowness, her agile fingers reaching for my cervix across thin, stretched, sensitive membranes. She kept whispering, "Ass fucker." I came violently when her wrist passed through my hole. Following my rhythm she started withdrawing, exerting the right pressure to keep me coming.

But she had deliberately refused me direct clitoral stimulation so that I rapidly found myself on the edge, wanting again. She said, "Look at me masturbate. Maybe you can learn how to come properly." She forced me to watch her fuck her large dildo. I did not see her other hand reach for the alligator and when she clamped him over my clit I screamed in delight. She came pissing on me, not urine. I needed still more. To my thankful surprise the cat started whipping across my belly and inner thighs, building, the heat running towards my clit, adding to the hard pinch of the alligator. She loosened the screw and the 'gator's jaws cut into the fleshy part of my clit, perilously close to drawing blood, yet calculated not to. As two perfectly timed lashes found the tip of my bud, I came uncontrollably over and over. She mounted one of my thighs and exploded in orgasm. I collapsed in my bonds, spent.

I woke up cocooned in a warm woolen blanket wrapped around the length of my body, safe, satiated, free of all tension. My mind finally able to accept the strengthening grip of her love. That day I belonged to her. Both renewed, she could offer herself to me in due time, and I will be accepting.

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